Foregone Verses

By

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

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Author of "The Literary Guillotine," "When the Heart Is Young," etc.

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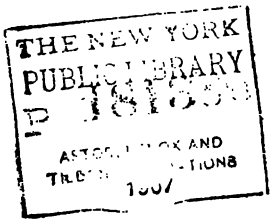

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TO MY WIFE

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

THE OTHER FELLOW

Of all who dwell upon the earth
  There's none I wish to harm,
There's none who seeing me approach
  Need feel the least alarm;
My heart is filled with love for all,
  Save one whom I detest—
But, oh, the way I hate that man
  Makes up for all the rest!

I will not write his name lest he
  Should chance to read my rhyme,
And learning of his danger, flit
  To some far distant clime;
But just to show how he has used
  Me like a canine yellow,
I'll give some reasons why I hate
  That horrid 'other' fellow.

My trouble with him first began
  When we were boys at school,
He always won the prizes, and
  Made me appear the fool;
And then at college later on,
  When reached the years more mellow,
I found the scholarships all went
  To him, the 'other' fellow.

When college days were o'er, and I
  To find a job set out,
To my disgust I learned that he
  Knew what I was about;
He'd managed to obtain the start—
  By telephone came, "Hello!
I'm awfully sorry, but we've just
  Engaged the 'other' fellow."

And then—oh, cruelest blow of all!—
  When love had pierced my heart,
And I went begging Annie Bell
  To take away the smart;
When I implored her to be mine—
  Much gold she had and yellow!—
She let me know, oh, wretched girl!
  She loved the 'other' fellow.

Now, tell me, don't you think that I
  Have cause to hate this man,
Who lies in wait at every turn
  To harm me if he can?
If he should fall into my hands
  I'd make him howl and bellow—
I wouldn't do a thing to him!—
  Confound that 'other' fellow!

THE TWINS

If you were a Gibson girl,
  And I were a Davis man,
And the world were made for our special use,
  And run on our special plan;
If the dangers were only to show us off,
  To give us a chance to pose—
We would stalk through life like a king and queen,
  And tread on the necks of our foes.

If you were a Gibson girl,
  And I were a Davis man,
And you uttered a wish for the pleasure dome
  In the palace of Kubla Khan,
I would sail away to that distant land,
  And stir up a war or two—
But I'd bring back the dome on the top of my head,
  As my prototypes always do.

If you were a Gibson girl,
  And I were a Davis man,
You'd sit with a far-away, pensive look,
  While the course of our serial ran,
Disdainful of all but my glorious self,
  For I should be seven feet tall—
But I'd marry your little kid sister at last
  Who was not to come out till the fall.

THE TARIFF WAR WITH GERMANY

"Lay on!" said Macbeth William
  To Roosevelt Macduff,
"And we will see which one will be
  The first to cry enough.

"Send pork asoaring skyward,
  Screw mutton up to G—
We've got our beer and pretzels here,
  And that's enough for me.

"Put beef upon the tariff,
  Raise wheat till out of sight—
I don't mind much since Wagner's Dutch,
  I'll dine on him to-night.

"Let oats and corn go soaring,
  Put butter on the shelf—
I'll say, 'Please pass the looking-glass!'
  And thus inflate myself."

THE POLYGAMOUS POET

O Poet—I will call you so,
  I will not write your name—
With sorrow I have learned that you
  Are dead to honest shame;

Each day or two a verse I read
  In which your love's displayed
For some sweet lass, but every time
  It is a diff'rent maid.

Last week you sang of one whose hair
  Was "like the setting sun,"
And swore that you would love her while
  "The sands of life do run";
Yet here to-day I find you rave
  About a pure brunette,
And say *her* hair is like the sky
  "When helios has set."

The maid you loved at Christmas time
  Is not your Valentine,
And cherries red and autumn leaves
  Are each a zodiac sign
Set in the sky of love to show
  Some other star has gained
Ascendancy, where many a star
  A little while has reigned.

And so it goes from Kate to Rose,
  From Rose to laughing Bess,
For each in turn you madly burn,
  As you yourself confess;
And yet, as all the world's aware,
  The partner of your life
Is dumpy, plain, and squints a bit—
  Your uncomplaining wife.

The Latins said, "As many minds
  As there are men," but you,
"As many minds as there are girls,"
  Which is a doctrine new—
Indeed, I fear at heart you are

Polygamous, O Poet!
But fail to grasp such shamelessness
As publicly to show it.

EUTHANASIA

Father's got conniption fits,
Put him out of pain;
Mother's almost lost her wits
From the awful strain.
Doctor, can you hesitate?
Strychnine's yonder on the plate.

Baby's yelling with his teeth—
Poor, dear, little creature!
One above and one beneath,
Twisting every feature;
When his mouth he opens wide,
Give him then the cyannide.

Fanny's had an awful blow,
Her engagement's broken;
Can you see her suffer so?
Not a word she's spoken.
Rough on rats is painful, yet
It will help her to forget.

Uncle Benjamin has the gout,
Feet and legs are swelling,
Cannot sleep or move about—
Hark! you hear him yelling?
We, his heirs, have all agreed
From his pain he must be freed.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

Life yields in all its varied round
  Of mysteries not a few,
Nor can a spot on earth be found
  That knows not one or two;
This fact is true of New York town,
  And doubtless of Siam—
But everywhere the wise declare,
  Cherchez la femme!

Does some pale youth whose merry laugh
  Once cheered the listener's heart,
Begin to mope, like moon-struck calf,
  And play a Hamlet's part;
Or does a man of ancient mien
  Sport like a playful lamb,
And lose his sense and competence—
  Cherchez la femme!

The secrets of the Cabinet
  Appear, we'll say, in print,
Some scandal of the upper set
  Is told by smile and hint;
Our enemies have learned, we find,
  The strength of Uncle Sam,
The proper way to win the fray—
  Cherchez la femme!

And so, my son, *cherchez la femme*
  Whenever you're in doubt,
Be not content with saying *damn!*
  But find the culprit out;
With steady brain, untroubled eye
  Dissect each show and sham,
But waste no time on simple man—
  Cherchez la femme!

LITERATURE

There was a man who wrote a book,
And very well, indeed, it took;
  So then another man he went
  And wrote another book anent
The man who wrote the book.

But seeing this another took
The hint and said: "I cannot brook
That others only should succeed!"
And so he wrote a lengthy screed
  About the man who wrote about
    the man who wrote the book.

To try to tell you all were in vain,
Because it is an endless chain.

WE ARE TEN

——— A modern child,
  That's fed on oats and force,
And reads the papers every day,
  What knows it of divorce?

I met a little city girl,
  She was ten years old or more,
She had a set of Russian squirrel,
  Her car was at the door.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
  How many may you be?"
"How many? Ten, when all is said,
  And this is how, you see.

"There two who with my father dwell,
  He's married Mrs. Gunn,

And she had two by Mr. Bell,
  Who was her Number One.

"And two of us have stuck by Ma,
  Myself and Brother Joe;
And then before she married Pa,
  She'd two as Mrs. Low.

"And Pa's first marriage brought him one,
  His name is Ebenezer;
And Ma's now got a baby son—
  She's married Mr. Tweezer."

"But they are not your next of kin,"
  I said, "your very own;
To count such brothers is a sin,
  Leave them I pray, alone."

"They've borne my name, the very same,"
  The little maid insisted;
"So oft I've changed and rearranged
  The scheme, I'm getting twisted.

"The first who went was Brother Len,
  He said that he preferred
To live with Pa, instead of Ma,
  As much the richer bird.

"Then Sister Nell thought she would go
  And bunk with Pa as well,
And I was left with Brother Joe
  Alone with Ma to dwell.

"But baby brother now has come,
  To swell the little fold;
And so, you see, the total sum
  Is ten, when all is told."

"But they are not your kith or kin,
As such they have no call!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "We're ten in all!"

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

"Line up!" says Colonel Bingham, with a military look,
And he frowns in indignation as he scans his little book,
For upon the page that's open are a lot of marks that say
That the men who stand before him have been negligent to-day,
And he pauses to impress them ere he speaks the words of blame,
Then he thunders, "Sergeant Finney!" and the Sergeant says, "Me name!"
"You were found off duty, Sergeant," says the ruler of the force,
"And you didn't know the nearest, cheapest bureau for divorce
When a lady asked your counsel, and 'tis charged that you were tight
When you punched an ancient citizen and broke his head last night—
Now, what have you to say
In excuse for this to-day?
Do you really, truly, honestly believe that this is right?"—
Says the Sergeant, "Aw, go 'long!
We want no dance and song.
If you think this is the Christian Temperance Union, you are wrong."

The Colonel twirls his big mustache and frowns a mighty frown,
Then says, "Ahem!" impressively, and calls on Captain Brown,
And Captain Brown says, "Present!" and he smiles a little smile
That anyone who didn't know would say was full of guile.
"I see that you are guilty," says the honest Colonel then,
"Of taking bribes to not suppress a most notorious den;
And here's a charge against you that you own a big saloon,
And keep it open Sundays from October until June;
And who put up the money for the charming little site
Where you have built yourself a home across on Brooklyn Height?
Now, what have you to plead
In excuse for word and deed?
Do you really, truly, honestly believe that this is right?"—
Says the Captain, "Cut it out
Till you know what you're about!
This aint no kindergarten nor a home for those with gout!"

Again the Colonel says, "Ahem!" again he frowns severe,
Then calls upon an officer, who answers with a "Here!"
Again he makes a grievous charge, again he gets a laugh,
Until at last he is convinced this "force" is made of chaff;

And when at length the squad has left his room for
other fields,
He seems to see before him still their uniforms and
shields;
Again he seems to hear the words, "Go easy, now
me boy!
We ran this force, I guess, when you were still your
nurse's joy,
And we will run it still when you have left for
other parts,
To join the McAdoos and Pipers with their cheap
reforming arts.
So go easy for awhile
Till you've learned the proper style,
And the usefulness of trying to reform Manhattan
Isle."

INTERNATIONAL

Professor Alexander Graham Bell predicts that soon, thanks to airships, we shall breakfast in New York and dine in Paris—Newspaper.

I shall be very glad, my dear fellow,
To meet you to-morrow at eight,
To breakfast at Café Othello,
But pray that you will not be late;
I have just an hour to spare you,
And then I am off on the "Clarice,"
The little airship
I am taking this trip—
Oh, I'm dining this evening in Paris!

They sent me a summons at dinner,
Returnable next Friday noon,
To serve as a juror for Skinner—
You know he defaulted last June—

In the days of the old poky "Deutschland"
Such a thing would have served to embarrass,
But I said, "Never fear,
I shan't fail to appear,
Though I'm dining this evening in Paris."

"My dear," says my wife when I'm leaving
Sometimes in the morning, "I trust
You'll help me to-night in receiving
The guests I've invited—you must!"
"Oh, goodness, my love, I'm so sorry!"
I cry, "but I've promised Jack Harris!"
But with exquisite tact
I don't mention the fact
That we're dining that evening in Paris.

THE GOLFER'S PARADISE

I ask but little when I'm dead
As recompense for earthly woes,
No golden crown upon my head,
No harp to weary hands and toes;
No halo would I wear, indeed,
No purple robe beyond my means—
I only ask a well-rolled mead,
With eighteen holes and putting-greens.

A caddy with a lynx-like eye,
And wings upon his shoulder-tips,
Shall watch me whack the balls, then fly
To follow on their airy trips;
And when I come on gentle wing,
He'll hand me then, the watchful soul,
A putter fit for prince or king
That's guaranteed to make the hole.

The "tees" shall be the sort from which
  One drives two hundred yards, at least,
While over hurdle, bunker, ditch
  The balls shall rise as tho' of yeast;
The niblicks, mashies and the cleeks
  Shall never miss or make a slip,
While only he who Scottish speaks
  Shall have a card of membership.

Here on this field of perfect strokes
  I'll play a winning game with all
Who beat me when on earth, the folks
  Who think I cannot hit the ball.
And best of all, the games between,
  When o'er my nectar I am heard
My triumphs to recount, I ween,
  There'll not be one to doubt my word.

A BALLADE OF GIRLS.

Who would not pause to drink a toast,
  To pledge the health of maidens fair,
While thinking still of her who most
  Excells in wit and beauty rare?
  Who would not thus one moment spare
For love's devoir, while onward whirls
  The world with all its sordid care?—
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

What man of us is too engrossed,
  Too busied with the world's affair,
An instant to desert his post
  And drink to damsels debonair?
  Nor need he fear lest he forswear
Himself in pledging flaxen curls,
  If she he loves have raven hair—
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

And so this glass to beauty's host!
  A pledge in which we all may share—
'Tis only thus that we may boast
  The smiles of her without compare,
  The one for whom we each would dare
And die the death amid the swirls
  Of cannon's smoke and battle's flare—
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

L'Envoi.

Let lovers join us everywhere—
  We have no part with carping churls
Who laugh to scorn love's sweetest snare—
  A health, a health to lovely girls!

THE RAVING

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Pittsburg have decided to investigate the charge that President Roosevelt received a case of beer from a brewing company."—Newspaper.

Once upon an evening lusty while we sat beside the musty,
  Dark, clear, amber-colored beverage the gods call beer,
While we sat there lightly sipping, now and then the goblet nipping,
  Suddenly an angry, ripping, female woman did appear,
  Quite without a knock or summons suddenly she did appear—
    Said I then, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

Cause I have for not forgetting time and place that
brought this fretting
Delegate to cause upsetting of our drinking of
the beer;
I was loath to leave my quaffing, pleasing tales and
friendly chaffing,
Merry toasts and heartfelt laughing, laughing at
the stories queer,
Laughing at the reminiscence of experiences most
queer—
Still I said, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

For awhile this beardless creature altered not her
mien or feature,
But like ancient seer or teacher, fixed me with
an angry leer;
And the room grew close and torrid, while the
damp upon my forehead
Seemed the clammy moisture horrid caused by
more than mortal fear,
Caused by surmise of her mission, which inspired
mortal fear—
But I said, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

Then at last the silence breaking, with a long and
deep intaking
Of the breath that set me quaking, thus she spake
in accents clear:
"I have come from Pittsburg's borough, over moun-
tain, dale and furrow,
And I'm here to make a thorough test of scandal
and of beer,
Here to probe this awful scandal that you have
a case of beer"—
Quoth I then, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

Here a goblet quickly seizing filled with nectar cool
and pleasing,
She imbibed it without sneezing, drank it to the
dregs or near.
"No," she said, "that's not Anheuser, neither Pabst
nor yet Tannhäuser
That is something even choicer in the line of ta-
ble-beer,
In the line I've made my study—*that* deserves
the name of beer"—
And I said "Dee-lighted, dear!"

"Tell me, tell me," she demanded, "where and
when this beer was branded,
If, indeed, it was not landed from Teutonic
realm this year!
I've a feeling that I wasted all my life before I
tasted
Nectar with this label pasted, which we mortals
misname beer,
Which the Woman's Christian Union advertise
as merely beer"—
Quoth I then, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

"Toper!" cried she, "thing of evil, I have asked a
question civil,
And I want to know the devil, god or man that
brewed this here;
I have often drunk Budweiser, which is fit for
king or miser,
And, they say, doth please the Kaiser, but it
equals not this beer,
None in all the Union's cellar can compare with
this here beer"—
Said I still, "Dee-lighted, dear!"

"Be that word my invitation," cried this bulwark of
the Nation,
And she took up place and station near the table,
very near;
And her thirst appeasing, stilling, she remained, like
Barkus, willing,
Till the case had need of filling, and there wasn't
any beer,
Thus she carried out the mandate that I
shouldn't drink that beer—
And I'm still "Dee-lighted, dear!"

AFTERMATH

I once met a sage of the gibbering kind,
His gait and his carriage in keeping—
"How fearful to live till you're deaf and half-
blind,"
I thought, "and your walk is but creeping!
There's none then that want you for work or for
play
Throughout the whole bloomin' cosmography:
What use is this man?"—but he mumbled, "Good
day,
I'm writing my autobiography."

I went on a visit last week to the jail,
And found them a prisoner releasing,
So dangerous a man that all offers of bail
The judge had refused by increasing.
"Now, what will you do, my poor fellow," I said,
"For a living—teach bridge or geography?"—
He winked, and replied, with a shake of his head:
"I'm writing my autobiography."

A man who had struggled for years to achieve
  A name in the world literary,
His needs the most pressing begged me to relieve,
  In a manner that struck me as airy—
"You don't seem depressed by your state, I must say,
  Perhaps you've solved color photography?"—
"Don't worry," he smiled, "I will pay you some day,
  I'm writing my autobiography."

There's balm in the thought that the evening of life
  Is not quite devoid of its uses,
That after we've failed in the battle and strife,
  And helped to increase its abuses,
That then we may turn with assurance at last
  To a sort of vicarious typography,
And rake up the scandalous tales of the past
  By writing our autobiography.

HOPEFUL

There was an old spinster unkissed,
Who sighed, "Just to think what I've missed!"
  But the man in the case
  Said, "You haven't the face,
Miss Tompkins, I hope, to insist!"

THE LAST MIDSHIPMAN

He stood, a scarred and battered wreck,
  With gaping wounds that bled,
A brick had struck him in the neck,
  A bootjack in the head.
"Where are thy comrades bold?" I cried—
  "Oh! this is most amazing!

Have fallen all?"—but he replied:
"No, they were fired for hazing."

I saw him on the campus green,
With twenty-three professors,
And not another soul was seen
Except these stern confessors.
"Where are the brave cadets," I sighed,
"On whom I once was gazing?
Are they on furlough?"—he replied:
"No, they were fired for hazing."

I'm certain when a war breaks out,
And we have been defeated
Upon the sea, with fearful rout,
The scene will be repeated.
"Why does he stand," the foe will cry,
"Amid the wreckage blazing?
Has he no mates?"—then he'll reply:
"No, they were fired for hazing."

CORBETT VS. SHAW

They met at Daly's Theatre in a friendly little bout,
The gate receipts to go to him who knocked the other out;
As to interest in the pictures many wrangles fierce were heard,
Till Mr. Shaw declared himself contented with a third;
And they say that he and Corbett had a bet of fifty pounds
Whether Bernard would be in it at the close of seven rounds;
Now, we felt that this was foolish, and that Corbett had a cinch,

Although he was prohibited from slugging in a clinch,
Still, a man who's just a writer cannot hope to cope with him
Who has fought his way to glory like the many-battled Jim;
And we sat in awesome silence when the referee called, "Time!"
And the principals were summoned to commit this lawful crime;
Oh! a smile was on the manly lips of Corbett, while a look
Of conscious dread was on the face of him who wrote the book,
And our hearts went out in anguish to the Irish lad so wan,
As they shook hands in the centre, and the slugging match was on.

A moment's pause, and then the bout began in earnest, for
Mr. Corbett fell to sparring as he'd never sparred before:
An upper cut, a feint, a pass, and lo! he'd landed one,
And been the first to draw the blood from Ireland's doughty son;
His footwork was magnificent, his mouthwork was as fine,
And every time he spake a word, he mouthed a fearsome line;
He danced around that quaking stage, the air to shreds he rent,
Till Shaw was quite forgotten and the writer's argument;
And 'twas plain to any novice that he'd won the fifty pound—

The only question was if Shaw would last the second round :
He punched him, thumped him, mauled him, till our admiration grew
To see a man maltreated so yet ever rise anew;
And the blow received by Bernard at the Warrens' quiet affair
Seemed but a love-tap when compared to those that he got there;
For when the round was ended, he was very nearly out,
And the gong was all that saved him for continuing the bout.

The second round was tamer, and no wonder that it was,
For no one could have stood that pace except a Fuzzi-Wus;
And we saw that each was sparring for a chance to get his breath:
In Corbett's case to knock him out, in Shaw's to 'scape from death;
And the seconds of the Irish lad looked haggard, worn and ill,
Especially Mr. Stange, who'd arranged the little mill;
So when the third round started, Oh! we knew the end was nigh,
For gore was on the face of Jim and blood was in his eye;
And he muttered, "Caitiff villain, you will mock me nevermore!"
And his hair stood up in fury and he pawed the suffering floor,
While the fire shot from his nostrils and his noble form expanded,
And the expletive he mutterd would have squashed him had it landed;

Then he grabbed the frightened author and he cast
him on the stage,
And he trampled on him fiercely in a noble Thespian rage,
And he cried, "Ha! Ha! I'll teach him we've an
immigration law!"
And that's the way that Corbett did up Irish Bernard Shaw.

LIFE IN NEW YORK

Oh, I lost a leg by trolley,
And a hand and arm eloped
In a head-to-head collision,
When the trains were telescoped.

By a premature explosion
When I happened to be nigh,
I was thrown across some houses
And came down without an eye.

In a hotel conflagration
All my hair was burned away,
And they found me 'mid the ruins
Bald as on my natal day.

Rendered somewhat slow of motion
By these accidents, I failed
To escape an automobile
In the instant I was hailed;

And since then I've made my progress,
After all these wondrous feats,
In a carriage which a servant
Pushes slowly thro' the streets.

Though I'm rather bruised and battered,
  There is still one comfort, for
By the theory of chances
  I shall live to reach four-score.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

The cost of living in the last eight years has risen 35.7 per cent.—Dun's Index Number.

Anna, do not eat so much!
  You had meat on Sunday;
Susan, you must never touch
  Bread except on Monday.
Can you never bear in mind
Eating is most unrefined?

William, leave that dish alone!
  Both the noble Catos
Said that in the temperate zone
  No one needs potatoes;
What?—the Murphy didn't grow
In their day?—that's all you know.

Henry, if you're very good,
  You may have a sniff
Of this morning's breakfast food,
  Just a tiny whiff.
Cover up again the plate,
Lest the strength evaporate.

No, you must not cut the pie,
  Else it would not last,
It must in the closet lie
  Till the next repast;
Hell with appetites is paved—
Let's give thanks for what we've saved.

THE FRUIT OF CULTURE

In ages rude, before the War,
  While ladies still were spinning,
And cards and theatres, too, were held
  The N. P. U.* of sinning—
If in those days you showed the lack
  Of proper sense and feeling
To use another writer's thoughts,
  They bluntly called it *stealing.*

But later on when we had gained
  A higher plane of living,
And of our brothers' failings grown
  More lenient and forgiving—
If then you used another's verse,
  Thought, tale or witticism,
It was no longer stealing, but
  A case of *plagiarism.*

And now in this most cultured age,
  Of indirection gracious,
When thieves are *kleptomaniacs,*
  And liars are *mendacious*—
If now you print another's thought
  And give it to the Nation,
The critics all explain it as
  Unconscious cerebration.

A DREAM OF GOOD SERVANTS

Did servants only grow on trees,
  Well down within our reach,
'Twould be as easy as you please,
  My dear, to find a peach.

---

*Ne plus ultra.

Crab-appletrees would bear the fruit
  For crabbéd bach'lors, while
The vine of sour grapes would suit
  Dear maiden ladies' style.

Of newly wedded couples' eyes
  The pear the goal would be,
But widows they would patronize
  The Adam's apple-tree.

The tree of good and evil then
  Were *divorcées'* resource,
While families plucked their maids and men
  From family-trees, of course.

IMMUNITY

I met a friend I had not 'spied
  For quite a month of Sundays,
He looked as dapper as a bride
  When she receives on Mondays.
"Great Scott! my boy," I cried, "have you
  Escaped investigation?"
He laughed, "I've held since '92
  A *foreign* situation."

A politician whom I know
  Turned up the other morning,
The kind of man who's out for dough
  But quick to take a warning.
"How comes it you've not suffered yet,"
  I said, "investigation?"
He smiled, "I'm consul now, you bet,
  Unto a *foreign* nation."

An admiral in the service asked
  Me to the club to dinner,

As in his smile I sat and basked
  I thought I'd sound the sinner:
"It's rare to meet a man," I said,
  "Who's 'scaped investigation"—
He winked, "Just get this in your head,
  I'm on a *foreign* station."

THE MODERN SHIBBOLETH

When Ahab ruled in Israel and Jehosaphat in Judah,
Ere ever Mother Eddy or the Esoteric Buddha
Had had their inspiration and had writ their little screed,
The Bible says that Jephthah went to war with Ephraim's breed,
And every time an Ephraimite they caught who couldn't say
His "shibboleth" in Hebrew in the proper swagger way,
  They slew him on the spot,
  And they left him there to rot,
In a most disgusting, brutal and unsanitary way.

We have learned a lot since Jephthah, and we do not give a hang
How a man pronounces English or a girl pronounces slang,
And we do not slay our enemies and strew them all around,
For such is detrimental to the public health, we've found;
But the system we've perfected to a superfine degree,
And our "shibboleth" is "money," though we do not car a D

For pronunciation stunts,
You must get the goods at once,
If you don't, they do not kill you, for you're dead already—see?"

THE GOLFER'S LITANY

Driver, specially made for me,
Balanced to a perfect T,
Lightly to the hand you swing,
Struck by you, the ball takes wing,
Could you but proclaim the strokes
You have made, to other folks,
Could you but my Boswell be!—
Driver, specially made for me.

Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force,
When from hummock, hole or rut,
When from road or open cut,
He'd regain the course once more
Without damage to his score—
Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force.

Putter, monarch of the green,
Where the highest skill is seen,
Where the finest work is done,
Where the game is lost and won,
Where the Scot redeems the past,
And the foursome ends at last,
Where the highest skill is seen—
Putter, monarch of the green.

Cleek, the truest friend of all,
Ever ready for the ball,
Ever ready to replace,

Each or all in every case:
Niblick, brassie—what is more,
Lofter, too, if need be sore—
Cleek, the truest friend of all,
Ever ready for the call.

Driver, mashie, putter, cleek—
Had your tongue wherewith to speak,
To recount the wonderous strokes
I have made, to other folks,
Could you but my prowess tell,
Seen by you in vale and dell,
Could you, could you only speak!—
Driver, niblick, lofter, cleek.

NEW YORK LANDMARKS

One day I walked along the street,
  And saw a big hotel,
Just then a friend I chanced to meet,
  And stopped to chat a spell;
And naturally we had a drink—
  Just one, I swear it on
My honor—and what do you think?—
  That big hotel had gone!

Again I strolled along awhile,
  And saw a vacant lot,
And thought, "This sort of suits my style,
  I won't forget this spot."
Just then there was a great to-do—
  A lady'd lost her pup—
And when I sought my lot anew,
  A house was half-way up!

A little dazed, I turned to trace
  My way downtown again,

And afterwhile I reached the place
  Where I was walking when
I'd met my friend an hour before,
  But where that big hotel
Had vanished, they'd put up a store
  And armory as well.

Thought I, "This city moves too slow,
  I'll hie me home, in truth!"
But when I'd reach the old depot,
  It, too, had gone, forsooth!
Naught was the same from stern to prow
  As when I'd struck the town,
For what was down was up by now,
  And what was up was down.

THE INCREDIBLE LEGEND OF LOVE

There was a maiden wonderous fair—
  'Tis but a legend, pray remark—
Who lived somewhere 'twixt Union Square
  And t'other end of Central Park;
Her eyes were soft and deepest brown,
  Her lips were red as they could be,
And there was not in all the town
  A girl one-half as rich as she.

This latter fact was not of course
  At all important in those days,
And I but mention it perforce
  To show the world's unaltered ways.
Now, in the course of time she went
  Across to Europe, you must know,
And when she reached the Continent
  They took her out to see the show.

And Marquis This and Baron That
  Were really charmingly polite,
And Viscount Loose and General Bat
  Would hardly trust her out of sight;
Indeed, 'tis said they offered all
  To let her buy a title—though
'Ts hard to think a lord would fall,
  As this would prove, so very low.

But most astounding to relate,
  This maiden whom I sing about
Returned unto the Empire State
  As single as when she set out;
But even more astounding still,
  She married then, this foolish dove,
A plain American named Hill,
  Just out of common, bourgeois love.

Now, how the match turned out, I've not
  Been told, nor do I really care,
For one so stupid, so besot,
  Deserves oblivion as her share.
But then, as I remarked before,
  'Tis but a legend I relate,
For things like this—oh, nevermore!—
  Don't happen in the Empire State.

THE AMERICAN TYPE

The Irishman who seeks the States
  To gather in the dross,
Puffs at his pipe and ruminates:
  "Oi'll make meself a boss!"—
But when Pat's grandson gets his turn
  To make the dollars go,
He gold-tipped cigarettes doth burn,
  And murmurs, "Doncherknow!"

The German immigrant declares:
  "Ach, was Sie sagen—nein!"
And says, "Mein Himmel!" when he swears,
  And drinks his beer and wine;
But afterwhile his grandson, too,
  Refined and swell doth grow,
And then no matter what you do
  He murmurs, "Doncherknow!"

The man from Naples when he first
  Strikes Ellis Island, cries:
"Per Baccho!" till he's like to burst,
  And heaves spaghetti sighs;
But with the years his grandson comes
  To strut about and blow,
And sit around and twirl his thumbs,
  And murmur, "Doncherknow!"

Now, Europeans sneer that we
  Have not a type as yet,
That some are German as can be,
  And some are Swede or Lett;
But critics, if they knew the facts,
  I'm sure would be more slow
In passing judgment on our acts,
  And grandsons, "Doncherknow."

CZARISMS

It is fine to be a ruler, and to keep the people down,
To see them grovel at your smile and tremble at
  your frown;
But thought of bombs brings drawbacks, lest they
  hoist you on the shelf,
For you are never sure, alas! of "keeping down"
  yourself.

It is great to be a despot, and to know that you
  are backed
By a half dozen armies that will keep your realm
  intact;
But the thought of bombs is gruesome, and it
  spoils your little song,
For you're never sure that you yourself will keep
  "in tact" for long.

A FALLACY

'Tis thought that man has need of much,
  In this our age of splurge and fashion,
Of horses, carriages and such,
  Besides a very liberal ration;
Of clothes and wines he craves a lot,
  Because one want another breeds—
But I, I hold such teaching rot:
  A little money's all he needs.

Most men believe they cannot live
  Without a motor car these days,
That they are lost unless they give
  Receptions, balls and big displays;
Or, rather, 'tis their wives who've got
  This idea in their mental weeds—
But I, I hold such teaching rot:
  A little money's all man needs.

So, since the world and I are split
  Regarding the essential thing,
Let's strike a bargain, thus, to-wit,
  The world shall have its little fling,
Shall dine from off its silver dish,
  And I will feel no envious greed,
If I may have my modest wish:
  A lot of money's all I need.

THE MEN WHO STOLE MY THUNDER

("Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.")

I'm certain many years ago,
  Before to earth I came,
While still a problematic thing,
  Sans body, sense or name;
I'm certain that the mighty gods
  In solemn conclave sat,
And to decide upon my gifts
  They passed around the hat.

I'm certain, too, that most of them
  Were out of sorts that day,
And when it came their turn to give
  Turned peevishly away;
I'm certain that Apollo frowned
  And shook his scented curls,
And that the Muses turned me down,
  As later other girls.

That is, that all of them save one
  Were careless of my fate,
Which leaves, as there were nine in all,
  You'll find, I think, just eight;
Euterpe, though, the poet's friend,
  Said, "He shall be a poet!"
And tho' you smile, the maid was right—
  I think that I can show it.

I will not quote the verses which
  To sell I've tried in vain,
For doubtless you have written verse
  Which you got back again;
But I will use an argument
  That's neither forced nor strained—

I'll tell you some poetic thoughts
  Which I have entertained.

When I was still a lad in kilts
  And my small brother came,
They hesitated weeks and months
  About his Christian name,
Until I cried, "No matter what
  You call that nasty brute,
The women who come here will call
  Him sweet and dear and cute!"

I'd never read Shakespeare, of course,
  Yet, here's the thought complete:
"A rose by any other name
  It still would smell as sweet!"
Indeed, I find, Shakespeare and I
  Have many thoughts the same,
And had he not preceded me
  I might have Bacon's fame.

But coming down to modern bards,
  'Tis clear that Tennyson
Was very fond of putting things
  The same as I have done;
For instance, once I loved a maid,
  And got engaged, to boot,
But when I broke it off she brought
  A breach of promise suit!

Now, happily I gained my case,
  That is, in substance, for
The verdict was for seven cents
  And not a penny more;
And I, I cried when I had grasped
  These damages immense:
" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
  A girl worth seven cents!"

Indeed, 'twere easy, had I time,
  To show how cruel my fate,
How I have missed the palm of fame
  By being born too late;
How Byron, Browning, Keats and Scott
  Have each and everyone
So often put the self-same thought
  Exactly as I've done.

And yet, I think I could forgive
  These bards, since they are dead,
If only those who're still alive
  Had left some things unsaid;
But here's this fellow Kipling comes
  And in his jaunty way,
Appropriates the very few
  Good things still left to say.

A SERIAL IN OIL

There's a serial that is running in the papers of the town,
And it beats all others hollow and it does them all up brown;
It's a chilling, thrilling story, though there's not a word of love,
And he never calls her "darling" and she never whispers "dove";
But there are harsher, crueler appellations heard to pass,
Such as "young, ambitious upstart," which interpreted is—*ass;*
And the "young, ambitious upstart" says that his opponent tries
To divert attention merely from the point by his replies—

So the serial keeps on running through advertures
wierd and vexed,
And the public waits in eagerness to read the eery
text,
But, alas! just when we've got
To the kernel of the plot,
There's an *oily* man informs us it's "continued in
our next."

Now, it's not an easy matter to divert the public
taste,
And the ordinary serial simply runs itself to waste,
But the story I am singing is a warm Missouri
one,
And there isn't any dragging or suspension of the
fun;
There's a duel that's continuous, and knights are
stern and bold,
And the court is there to make it seem a tournament
of old,
And they crack each other's knuckles till the referee
calls "Foul!"
Though the thing that they are fighting for would
stump the wisest owl;
But maybe that's the thing that lends such charm
unto the text,
To find what all the row's about and why the
knights are vexed—
So we'll hope it will not close
With the parting of the foes,
And an *oily* man informing us, "continued in our
next."

FAREWELLS TO LENT

"Good-bye, dear Lent!" the doctor said,
"You've been a friend, indeed,

You've brought me fasting patients, and
  I've let myself be 'feed':
Strong men who'd given up cigars,
  But doubled up on 'treats,'
And women without scandal who
  Had sickened on such sweets."

"Good-bye, O Lent, a long good-bye!"
  The actor said and sighed,
"I would that you through all the year
  Might with us still abide;
For bored to death when balls have ceased
  And dinners reached their end,
Dame Fashion says the actor is
  Her best and only friend."

"O Lent, good-bye! Quick, get thee gone!"
  The candy-merchant cries,
"Each year I see thee come anew
  With groanings and with sighs;
For with thy advent sales decrease
  And shrink almost to naught—
Suppose that all the year were Lent—
  Oh, perish such a thought!"

"Good-bye to Lent!" the curate says,
  And lays his robes away,
"And did I have the power, methinks,
  I would not bid thee stay;
'Tis true, I've played my little rôle
  Some forty days and more,
But now I need not take my wine
  In secret as before."

"Sweet Lent, good-bye!" the maiden sighs,
  "The Easter bells grow dumb,
Yet for the Lent that just has passed
  I'll love all Lents to come;

For since *he* did not dance nor strive
  To follow fashion's maze,
I fear I had not learned his worth
  Save in the lenten days."

THE AWFUL CRIME OF KAWILIKAFEE

Kawilikefee was a man, was he,
  Who lived in the Marrowbone Isle,
Where the favorite dish is a *fricasee*
  Prepared in the Marrowbone style.
But they don't care much for a sirloin steak,
Unless it's the "loin" of a "sir" they bake.

Kawilikafee was a man who waxed
  As great as a man can grow,
And everyone who was battle-axed,
  As their custom is, you know,
Was inspected first by his eagle eye
To see if fit for a Marrowbone pie.

For the Marrowbone people are like the Dutch,
  And their pure food laws are strict,
And American meats don't please them much
  Till after they're cured and picked;
But Kawilikafee grew lax with time,
And laxity marks the beginning of crime.

Kawilikafee was a greedy bird,
  And he harked to the tempter's voice,
And he kept for himself a tidy third
  Ere he O. K'd each invoice;
For his family was large and his needs were great,
And he gave big dinners to Church and State.

Now, this went on for a year or two,
  And he came to think that he

Was safe whatever he chose to do
  In that isle in the Southern Sea;
But there came a day of investigation,
As such will come to the stanchest nation.

And they haled him up to the court for trial,
  And exposed him to all the land,
He swore the O K's for quite awhile
  Didn't emanate from his hand;
But an expert proved the curves identical,
And they found him guilty in full conventicle.

They found him guilty of having admitted
  American meats *ad lib.*,
Regardless of sex, and some half-witted,
  As quarters and steaks from the rib;
And the judge was stern, as a judge should be,
And he passed this sentence in Marrowbonee:

"We will not send you in exile, no,
  We'll manifest greater gumption,
We'll feed you up for a month or so,
  And keep you for home consumption"—
And all must admire this judge, I swear,
For they kill two birds with one stone down there.

A BALLAD OF OLD MAIDS

Oh, beauty of a by-gone age,
  Of merry, ante-bellum days,
When hoops and rouge were still the rage,
  And romance lingered by the ways—
Why hast thou played upon the stage
  So many years alone—in fine,
Was there no cavalier or page
  To play the lover's róle to thine?

There was but one who might have played
The rôle of all whom I have known—
But, ah! he chose another maid,
And I have played my part alone.

And thou, sweet dame with snowy hair,
And softly smiling, pensive eyes,
Whose face, despite the years, is fair,
Since beauty never really dies—
Why hast thou passed thro' joy and care
With none to make the way seem short,
With none to bear a lover's share,
And guide thee safely into port?

We laid the keel for two, but when
The launching time had come at length
There fell a shaft of death—since then
I've sailed the craft with single strength.

And ye who've trod the marriage marts,
But found no bidder at your price,
Whose youth is now a thing of arts,
Come, tell your story in a trice!
But no, I will not probe your hearts
To lay them bare for friends and foes—
Go, play your lonely, cheerless parts
As best you can until the close.

INSOUCIANCE

There once was a young millionaire,
Who said, "What the deuce do I care
How many I kill
With my automobill?
The blood washes off it, I swear!"

THE CAREER OF A CRITIC

There's nothing much that I can do,
  I cannot write, or play, or paint;
Indeed, my gifts are very few,
  And faint.

I tried, when young, to make a name,
  In all the various lines of art;
But failed to find the way to fame—
  A mart.

My pictures would not sell, my verse
  Came back with but the faintest lapse
Of time—one wrote: "There may be worse—
  Perhaps!"

A book I wrote, "The Love Untold,"
  And with *my* money put it through;
Of all the copies there were sold
  Just two.

Such was my start, but think you I
  Despaired on that account of fame?
Ah no!—"It ne'er," I cried, "shall die,
  My name!"

"The Love Untold" I bought and burned,
  The whole edition minus two;
And then I my attention turned
  Anew

To art and song and literature,
  But this time in a different way,
And one which better proved, I'm sure,
  You'll say.

For I became a critic, set
  Myself to deal out blame and praise,
The sort you cannot please, nor yet
  Amaze.

I sniffed at all the paintings that
  I could not paint a crown to win;
The Venuses were all too fat,
  Or thin,

To earn approval of my pen,
  The landscapes were a sorry job,
The portraits travesties of men,
  A daub.

On poetry I was just as hard,
  And sneered at Browning, Kipling, Yeats;
"There's been," I said, "no modern bard
  Since Keats."

At music, too, I had my fling,
  And prayed the singers all for peace;
"Why don't they learn," I cried, "to sing,
  Or cease!"

And now I find men speak my name
  With bated breath and eyes upcast,
For I have won undying fame
  At last.

WANT ADS

Wanted, a five-cent telephone
  For New York and vicinity,
To see the subway, too, full-grown
  From Yonkers down to Trinity;
And if a guard-rail should be built

Through inadvertence at some station,
We'd not construe as sign of guilt
This strange, unheard of aberration.

Wanted, a metre that will show
Exactly how much gas you've used,
Or if a little less—well, no,
I do not think 'twould be refused;
And, then, let's see, perhaps we might
Like adequate police protection,
To know oneself quite safe at night
Would scarcely call forth great objection.

Wanted, a little gambling—yes,
Especially little would be nice;
And of police corruption less
Than even little would suffice;
And since we're on the want, perhaps
'Twill not be thought to be amazing
If we should want those navy chaps
To let up just a bit on hazing.

Wanted, a cook who'll stay a week,
A chambermaid who'll make the bed,
Wanted, a wife who will not seek
To get divorced as soon as wed;
Wanted, low rents and high per cent.,
A tariff all would wish just so;
Wanted—but on the eve of Lent
Man wants but little here below.

THE GOLF WIDOW

She sits with sad and lonely heart,
And dreams with open eyes,
From which at times the teardrops start,
To mingle with her sighs;

She dreams of days that are no more,
  Among her husband's "cups,"
Before he made the record score,
  When shared their "downs" and "ups."

His clubs they litter up the hall,
  And half the rooms are locked,
Where dry his balls, the parlor-wall
  Artistically is blocked
With printed records of his fame,
  And snapshots of his style—
She's come to bear a famous name,
  But ceased to laugh and smile.

He's out "addressing" balls, instead
  Of making love to her,
Their little "twosome" days have fled,
  He "foursomes" doth prefer;
His "teeing" ground's another place,
  Her "caddy" waits in vain—
A quinine pill he'd rather chase
  Across the steaming plain.

To-day he plays at Shinnecock,
  To-morrow Garden City,
Next week he's booked for Little Rock,
  And Denver—more's the pity—
And so it goes from East to West,
  And up and down the coast,
Although "approaching" is the test
  By which he swears the most.

Her ball of happiness, I fear,
  Is badly ditched, and so
She's lost the hole—poor widowed soul!—
  "Match" play's the game, you know—
The putting green is far away,

And Love—the caddy once—
Bore clubs and all beyond recall
For such "recovery" stunts.

THE FIRST LEAP YEAR

I've heard it said when Father Time
Was young, long years ago,
Like others in their early prime,
That he, too, sought to know
The myst'ries of the future, and
Accordingly he sought
A palmist who could read his hand,
And likewise read his thought.

The palmist held his hand in hers—
He then was young, you see—
And said, "My friend, your future stirs
My deepest sympathy"—
"You mean," said Time, "that I shall wed?
Speak out, nor fear the blow"—
The palmist sadly shook her head—
" 'Tis worse than that, you know."

"Great Scott!" cried Time, "can that be true?"
The palmist nodded *"Qui!"*
"Explain yourself," said Time, "pray do!
Your words they torture me—"
The palmist said, "Behold this line—"
Time nodded in assent—
"Well, doubtless now, you think it fine,
Your life line's excellent.

"But, lo! this mound of Venus, see!
You know what that purports?"
Time strove to speak, so scared was he
He only uttered snorts—

"Her name? Eternity—But wait!
  Don't run away in fear!"—
Time strove so hard to jump his fate,
  They christened it "leap year."

THE SADDEST WORD OF TONGUE OR PEN

There was a man I've heard about who when he was at school
Would spend his days in thinking out some new financial rule,
His nights were passed in fevered sleep with dreams of future wealth,
And everytime he spent a dime he felt he'd hurt his health;
Until at last he hit upon an idea large and bold:
To found a big monopoly and turn it into gold;
And so he fixed his claws upon a thing we cannot lack,
And ever since he's spent his time in filling up his sack;
And when he's forced to spend a dime, as even rich men may,
He puts the price of Standard up and gets it back next day—
And everyone, I'm sure, unless he's hopelessly erratic,
Will sympathize with me when I declare in tones emphatic:
  I really wish I'd thought of that!

There was a man named Edison, who built the phonograph,
The sort of thing that's used to make the people weep and laugh;

And then there was another chap who made the telephone,
That lets you talk with Boston when you're in the torrid zone;
And these two fellows make, they say, an awful pile each year,
Just living on their royalties, on breakfast foods and beer.
And all because one day in June, or maybe in October,
They had a snappy, happy thought, and had it, too, when sober;
And then—well, then they built the thing, and that's the bloomin' story,
And ever since they've strutted round and lived upon their glory—
And I am sure that everyone, unless he's quite erratic,
Will sympathize with me when I declare in tones emphatic:
I really wish I'd thought of that!

A chap came over here one day, from Europe in the fall,
And brought his title with him, and—I reckon that was all,
For when he went atraveling round some friend would pay the fare,
He had no cash, and yet I know he didn't live on air;
He drank the best of wine and dressed the way a fellow ought,
And moved around in circles where the high finance is taught;
And yet he was not clever as you reckon wit and sense,
Although he had one idea which was certainly immense,

That he would catch an heiress with her fortune in
her name,
And take her back to Europe to the land from
which he came—
And I am certain every chap who isn't quite erratic
Will sympathize with me when I declare in tones
emphatic:
I really wish I'd thought of that!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I've got a pot of patent glue
That's said to mend most everything,
And render it as strong as new,
From china to a wedding-ring:
'Twas not for china, though, that I
Did purchase it, 'twas bought to mend
The resolutions which I broke
From last year's opening to its end.

As each was smashed I gathered up
The fragments with the greatest care,
As one who breaks a precious cup
Whose like exists not anywhere:
And now since New Year's here, and all
Have resolutions fresh and bright,
I think I'll get my fragments out,
And try my patent glue to-night.

Here first in order stands, I see,
The resolution not to lose
My temper—ah, that it should be
As frail as painted Sèvres views!
The tiny bits with patient care
I piece together with the glue,
Until the whole, I do declare,
Looks just about as good as new.

The words upon the next one speak
  Of "church attendance"—and it means
That I have broken it each week,
  For see, 'tis smashed to smithereens!
But here again I find that art
  Is equal to the task assigned,
For lo, when patched with steady hand,
  The tell-tale cracks you'd hardly find.

This resolution 's not to flirt—
  'Tis only cracked a bit, you see,
And cracks, I've found, do little hurt
  In lessening of utility;
And here is "charity," and here
  My "duties politic," and then
The resolution that I'll be
  All things unto my fellow men.

And so I pass along the line
  With glue and brush and patience, till
My resolutions look as fine
  As though they'd never had a spill.
Come, New Year, bring temptations on!
  I do not fear your worst attack,
With resolutions such as these
  I know that I shall beat you back.

AUS DER FERNE

The streets are clean in old Berlin,
  And neatly named and numbered, too,
To overcrowd the cars were sin,
  And something that they never do;
The dogs are safely muzzled, and
  The Kaiser's not—he's off to Cork,
The papers say—it's charming—but
    It ain't New York!

Behold the crowds in gay Paree,
  The smiling dames and maidens fair,
The Bois is beautiful to see—
  This is the place to banish care!
Such dainty things I've never eat,
  Those little breakfasts "at the fork"!—
There's nothing else quite like it—but
    It ain't New York!

I'm fond of art, and love the things,
  I find in Rome, nowhere beside,
The glory of departed kings,
  The present and the past allied;
And London, too, is fine I'm sure,
  The "Row" and other bloomin' shows—
They're great, I know, but, then, you see,
    They aint New York,
    I'll tell you those!

SONG OF THE SENATOR

I come from haunts of silver ore,
  I struck it unexpected,
So made myself a Senator,
  Prepaid and then elected.

I brought my wife and daughter East,
  I bought a house and garden,
And gave a diplomatic feast—
  They both wore Dolly Varden!

They smirked and glanced, they smiled and danced,
  They'd nod their head and shake it,
But when alone they madly pranced,
  And cried, "We'll never make it!"

They left their cards on high and low
  Beside Potomac's river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But women go forever.

I made a speech that thrilled the world
  On trust, hight 'boa-constrictors';
My daughter cried, her lip was curled,
  "Oh, Pa, shave off your whiskers!"

And so I shaved them from my chin,
  Where they so long had rested;
Society then took us in—
  Our carriage now is crested.

CONVENIENCE

There was a young man in a flat,
The kind that they call "anti-fat;"
  He couldn't turn round,
  But he said, "I have found
That I know just where everything's at."

A BALLADE OF YESTERDAYS

Sweet lips of Rosalie, that drew
  The anguish from the wound your eyes
Had dealt unto my heart, when you
  Acknowledged in a storm of sighs
  The lover in the coquette's guise,
And rivaled with your blush the flare
  That lights the western summer skies—
One yesterday thro' you was fair.

Pale Phoebe, symbol of the true,
  Of those fixed stars which ever rise

Unchanged to-day to meet the view,
  As in the days of high emprise,—
  Alas, that time unceasing flies,
To win some goal, we know not where,
  With beauty as his dearest prize—
One yesterday thro' you was fair.

And Gladys, with the eyes of blue,
  Like mountain lake where hidden lies
The laughter, when the clouds are few,
  Awaiting but the wind's surprise—
  Your beauty jealous time defies:
Before me clear tho' traced in air,
  You stand, and memory replies—
One yesterday thro' you was fair.

L'Envoi

Nor would I wish it otherwise,
  That they my future joy might share
The past I would not sacrifice—
  Thro' them my yesterdays were fair.

THE JOKE I MADE IN ENGLAND

They asked me to a dinner,
  And they made me make a speech,
Oh, I didn't want to do it,
  For I'd naught to say or teach:
But alas, I weakly yielded,
  And alack, I made a joke—
And now I wish I hadn't,
  How I wish I hadn't spoke!

At first I made a few remarks,
  In a deprecating way,
On the hardships of a speaker

When he knows not what to say;
And as they all applauded,
Why, I thought I'd scored a hit,
And like many other speakers,
Grew enamored of my wit.

Emboldened by this first success,
I gave my fancy rein,
And spoke of Anglo-Saxon union,
In 'ambassadoral' strain;
And I told how we loved England,
And hoped she loved us, too—
At this they broke out cheering,
As I'd read they always do.

Now, if I'd only stopped right there,
How wise I should have been!
But no, I kept on talking—
And 'twas here the joke came in—
"But should you go to war with us,"
I said, "or at us scoff,
We'd very quickly freeze you out—
We'd turn the Gulf stream off."

I ceased, and waited for the laugh
Which I considered due;
But, oh, the silence of that room!
It chilled me through and through;
Now, some of them they shook their heads,
Some shivered as with cold,
As though they felt already
The freeze-out I'd foretold.

At last when I had floundered on,
And reached a painful close,
And sunk exhausted in my seat,
The solemn chairman rose—

"You have heard," he said, "the measure
  Which the speaker says they'll use
In case of war with England—
  I should like to hear your views."

Then down he sat, but seven
  Who were sitting at that board
Proceeded *seriatim*
  Their opinions to record;
All spoke in terms of horror
  Of the plan that I'd laid down,
And finally they voted to
  Memorialize the crown.

Of course the papers took it up,
  And played upon the theme
How long 'twould take the British Isles,
  In case we turned the stream,
To turn into a land of ice,
  With polar bears about,
And whether artificial heat
  Would serve to thaw them out.

The House of Lords debated,
  And the House of Commons, too,
The measures that were best to take—
  They sat the whole night through;
In fact, I think they're sitting yet,
  In solemn, sad array—
So, make no jokes in England,
  For, you see, it doesn't pay.

THE PASSING OF FIFTH AVENUE

Once, in the recent golden past,
  'Twas still the haunt of beauty,
The mart where ducal crowns were cast,
  And fashion paid her duty;

Here maidens came to walk and preen,
  And gallant swains to meet them,
And lovely dames that they be seen,
  And cavaliers to greet them.

No vulgar signs then met the eye
  Of *bottes* and *lingerie,*
Save such as any passerby
  On rainy days might see,
When dainty maids, with mincing pace,
  And little laughs and quivers,
Fled o'er the street, with glint of lace,
  By tiny brooks and rivers.

Here dwelt the favored ones of wealth,
  In mansions brown and solid,
And here they drove, in search of health,
  With flunkeys stiff and stolid.
But now, alas, all that is changed,
  They've left their homes palatial,
Which greet us, like old friends estranged,
  With signboards inter-racial.

Farewell, Fifth Avenue, farewell!
  Where once we promenaded,
Where once fair heiresses did dwell—
  Thy glory it has faded;
Thou'rt but the home of business now,
  Thy charm has fled forever,
And fashion's turned her fickle prow
  To seek the Hudson River.

A QUESTION OF SEX

How many men can a woman love?—
  The cynic answered, "none,"
The bachelor said seven, the traveler eleven,
  While the youth murmured, "Only one!"

How many women can one man love?—
  That is a matter of chance;
It all depends on his women friends
  And whether they care for romance.

THE DOWERS

Buy my English posies—
Kent and Surrey may.
Kipling.

Buy my English titles,
  Brought from overseas,
Guaranteed and weatherproof,
  Any kind you please:
Earldoms from the Devon coast,
  Dukedoms up in Fife—
Buy my English titles
  And I'll take you for my wife.

Buy my English titles!—
  Here's your means to suit,
Marquisates and ladyships
  Earldoms too, to boot;
Buy my lords and viscounts,
  All arranged in sets!—
Buy my English titles
  And I'll let you pay my debts.

Maidens of the land of gold, England is the isle
Where your father's money buys title, name and
  style;
Hands across the western sea, courtship on the
  decks—
Turn the hour and give the dower, father signs the
  checks.

Buy my English titles,
  Ye who deal in pork,
Anything from petty lords
  Up to Duke of York;
Scan the books of peerage well,
  Take your pick and choose—
Buy my English titles,
  Or you'll send me to the Jews.

Knights who ride the printed lists, baronets of fame—
Would you be a marchioness?—gold will buy the same;
Slaughter-houses far away, ancient family wrecks—
Turn the hour and give the dower, father signs the checks.

TIME UP TO DATE

In the springtime Time was lusty,
  Getting up at four a. m.,
Brewing cider, wine and musty
  Ale, and also drinking them;
Calling maids to leave their spinning,
  Wander through the woods at noon—
But the rascal gave up sinning
  With the pleasant days of June.

In the summer Time grew graver,
  Lay a little late abed,
Found that pleasure'd lost its savor—
  That, at least, is what he said;
But there was a strong suspicion
  That his nights were sometimes passed,
As they say, *á la Parisian*—
  Sort of thing that cannot last.

So it caused but little wonder
  That the autumn found him quite
Apopletic, red as thunder
  In the face, a perfect sight;
And like all who've dissipated
  Till they're in the yellow leaf,
Lo! his rising grew belated,
  Really, almost past belief.

But repentance came with freezing,
  And he started in to take
Every cure to stop his wheezing:
  Pfarrer Kneipp to latest fake;
Slept at night beneath the heaven,
  Walked barefooted through the snow,
Went to bed long, long 'fore seven—
  Bracing up for spring, you know.

STARRING

There once was an actor named Carr,
When asked why he drank, said, "By far
  The most stars are a-twinkle,
  I'm on to the wrinkle—
Unsteady, they think me a star."

IN PRAISE OF HOMELY WOMEN

Prate not of pretty girls to me,
  Of ruby lips and dreamy eyes,
That beauty cannot cease to be
  An ever fresh and sweet surprise;
I care not tho' her face be fair,
  And framed as in a wreath of curls—
For pretty maids I do not care,
  I sing the praise of homely girls.

I sing of her whose nose is pug,
  Tho' even to the side 'tis tipped,
Whose figure's like old Omar's jug
  Which mourned the Potter's hand had slipped;
And say you that she squints a bit—
  What odds?—and in her speaking halts?
Nay, girls who squint possess the wit
  To squint a man's most glaring faults.

A dainty, slender foot, no doubt,
  Is pleasing, when all's said and done,
But husbands later find it out
  That other kinds are best to run
Their little errands, fetch their things
  When home they come at day's demise,
For dainty feet possess no wings—
  Big-footed girls are for the wise.

The pearly, peach-blow cheek has fears
  Lest cooking spoil its lovely tint,
Cerulean eyes dare shed no tears,
  Or show of sympathy a hint;
The hand of Venus smooths no brow,
  Unless it be a duke's or earl's—
And so when you would choose a *Frau,*
  Do not neglect the homely girls.

COMMERCIAL ARISTOCRACY

I went into a merchant's room,
  And much to my surprise
I heard his books indulging in
  Both statements and replies;
The Petty Cash was up in arms,
  And said that he'd insist
To know the reason he was not
  Upon the Ledger's list.

The Check Book was in tears because
  He'd stubbed so oft his toe,
The Journal, as I entered, cried
  That he would like to know
If it was true the Blank Book had
  Attained to social rank
By single entry—but the Blank
  Book kept on looking blank.

The New Account Book hardly dared
  To say a word, for fear
They'd sneer at him as *nouveau riche;*
  The Ledger said, "I hear
The Bank Book's off his balance"—but
  The merchant entered then,
And quickly shut them up, as though
  They'd been so many men.

PHILOSOPHIC SPECULATION

I wonder if Immanuel "Cant"
  Was really such a hypocrite?
If Comte was no a-count—I shan't,
  I fear, get at the truth of it.

Did Schelling use a pail or can?
  Has Mrs. Eddy waterfalls?
To think that Nietzsche's Overman
  Perhaps forgot his overalls!

CONJUGAL

When Mr. Brown is out of town,
  In Boston or Chicago,
Then Mrs. B., who's read, you see,
  Othello (and Iago),

Behaves her best, and fearful lest
  She shock the world's convention,
She will not take from Mr. Blake
  The least bit of attention.

But Mrs. Trend, her bosom friend,
  Is not so narrow-minded,
Nor hesitates to aid the fates,
  (The world's so easily blinded!)
And ask to tea both Mrs. B.
  And Blake, or else to dinner,
And Mrs. Brown, in evening gown,
  Doth chaperone the sinner.

Now, Mrs. Trend, at dinner's end,
  Is always very "nappy,"
And forced to leave her guests, who grieve,
  Protesting they're unhappy;
But you must learn she doth return,
  When finished her siesta—
And so you see how Mrs. B.
  Pays honor unto Vesta.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

Money, brains or character—
  Let me ask you, sir,
Just between a pair of friends,
  Which do you prefer?
Which will take you further
  In the social whirl,
Which will aid a lovesick swain,
  Which will win the girl?

Hark! the sound of music stirs faintly on the air,
Visions fleet of glancing feet, couples on the stair,

Butlers stiff in liv'ried dress: "Brains or money,
Sir?"
Raise your voice and take your choice—
Which do you prefer?

Money, brains or character—
Tell me this, I pray:
Do you love the pleasant things
Life can give you—say?
Do you long to see the world,
Does your heart beat high
When you think of all you might
See before you die?

Swift across the rolling sea sails the yacht away,
In a flood of molten gold at the fall of day,
Toward the blessed isles which lie where sky and
sea concur.
Raise your voice and take your choice—
Brains or money, sir?

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

Of all the virtues which I boast,
And which distinguish me,
The one that I am proud of most
Is Christian charity;
On foe or friend a cutting word
I've never fixed as label,
And none from me have ever heard
A thing uncharit—*able*.

And yet I must admit that I
Am tempted sore to speak
My mind when I behold on high
Some worthless, fawning sneak;
Or when I see a man like Gray,
I know is weak, unstable,

Appointed to the post of—nay,
  I must be charit—*able.*

I spend much time in Washington,
  And there, of course, I see
No end of things to anger one
  And try one's charity
But worst of all, I well may say,
  Is seeing wear the sable
And ermine such a judge as—nay,
  I must be charit—*able.*

Indeed, it often seems that fate,
  Had picked me out to test
My temper by the things I hate,
  The things I most detest;
There's not a single, blessed day,
  In business or at table,
I'm not put out by men like—nay,
  I *will* be charit—*able.*

HOW TO TELL THE WRITERS

If you upon a man should hap
  With Shakespeare's face and glance,
And if he bore, this strenuous chap,
  The Hall-mark of romance—
Do not be scared and run away,
For every Caine-ine has his day.

Each genius has his special line,
  And deftly shapes it to his ends,
So if you hear a man define
  The fire-escape, and if he spends
Ten pages on some dirty towels,
Be sure that you've discovered Howells.

And yet there's danger of mistake,
  As any one may see,
So if the subject be a cake
  Of soap, or if it be
A toothbrush, you must guess again—
'Tis very likely Miss McClane.

In case you hear an author cry,
  While deftly making novel mush :
"Gadzooks, me lord, the hour draws nigh!
  The public waits its daily slush—"
In such event it's sure to be
The Major or Miss Johnston—see?

If you should hear a writer, lass—
  Now, maiden, pray, don't mock you us—
Try stories on an infant class,
  If morally innocuous—
You may be sure this *rare avis*
Is Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

In case you hear an author give
  A strange and lurid sermon
On everything, and how to live,
  While murdering French and German—
If very, very high falutin,
It's Miss Corelli, sure as shootin'.

TAINTED MONEY

Tainted money, how I hate it!
Would to heaven, I could abate it,
Stop the wicked men who spend it,
Give it, waste it, burn it, lend it,
Give a library, found a college,
Pauperize the source of knowledge,
Eat it, sleep it, ride it, drink it,

Talk it, breathe it, dream it, think it—
I would never circulate it,
Were it mine, so much I hate it.

Tainted money, I despise it,
All my self-respect defies it,
All my love of human nature,
Of the State and legislature,
Makes me anxious to abolish,
What, alas! I can't demolish,
Long to seize a goodly portion
Of this wicked, cruel distortion,
Seize it boldly, confiscate it—
There, you see how much I hate it.

A HANDICAP

"If I could make a trip to France,"
  I said, "I'd be content,
The only thing I need, I'm sure,
  Is fresh environment—"
To go abroad I straightway got
  A liberal requisition—
'Twas just as bad—you see, I took
  My horrid disposition.

"It is not Europe which I need,"
  I said when home again,
"I long to see more distant lands,
  Quite foreign types of men—"
A sudden windfall sent me forth
  To gratify ambition,
But India bored me stiff—I took
  My horrid disposition.

Since then I've journeyed to the south,
  Where rolls the Orinoco,

I've seen Japan and China, too
  I've braved the fierce sirocco;
I've lived in Paris, and I've tried
  The Arab's free condition—
But all in vain, for still I took
  My horrid disposition.

Ah! would that I might find some place,
  Some fair idyllic isle,
Where I might quite escape myself,
  At least a little while.
Alas! I fear I never shall,
  Despite sincere contrition,
Where'er I go I always take
  My horrid disposition.

THE REAR GUARD

A while ago 'twas Europe, which
  Was all the vogue in fiction,
And anything American
  Caused editorial friction;
'Twas then I offered "Western Jim"
  To publishers in vain—
"You ought to take your 'Jim,'" they said,
  "To France by special train."

Accordingly I went to France
  Myself to learn the land,
And wrote "The Royal Divorcée"
  From knowledge out of hand;
But when I offered it for sale,
  The publishers cried, "No,
American historical
  Romances are the go."

Undaunted by these failures, I
  Set out to suit the taste,
Of publishers and public, and
  Two precious years did waste
Preparing for my novel called
  "Virginia's Ancient Glory"—
Alas! the publishers declared:
  "We want a business story!"

I'm up against it, as you see,
  For when I have in hand
A novel ready for the press,
  There is a fresh demand,
I'm at a loss, I must confess—
  But, stay! a thought I've got—
I will forestall the public taste
  And write a book called "Rot."

LAZY MAJESTY

"Since the advent of the Kaiser to the throne two thousand years have been spent in prison for *lèse majesté.*"—Newspaper.

You start at five o'clock, A. M.,
  And work all day, 'tis said,
You hardly stop to take your meals,
  You never go to bed;
You write an opera after lunch,
  A song while taking tea—
And yet, in spite of this, they talk
  Of "Lazy Majesty!"

At nine o'clock you make a speech
  At Frankfort-on-the-Main,
That lasts till nine Uhr, fifty-six,
  At ten you take the train,

At twelve you dine at Wilhelmshöh—
  Wherever that may be—
And write a chapter in your book
  On "Lazy Majesty."

At one you shoot a stag or two,
  Review some troops, and then
At two you take a special train,
  And back to town again;
At three you make another speech,
  On "God has chosen me,"
And sign the papers in the case
  Of "Lazy Majesty."

How oft you change your uniform,
  How oft you make a speech,
How oft you dine, how oft you wine,
  How long you take for each,
I do not know, and no one else,
  But this I cannot see,
Why there should be such constant talk
  Of "Lazy Majesty."

THE CONCERT OF THE POWERS

The Concert of the Powers
  Had been widely advertised,
And the hall was filled for hours
  In advance of when advised,
By a crowd all expectation
  Of a pleasant evening, and
Quite a thrill with delectation
  At the coming of the band,
Which was European, thank 'ee,
  With but two exceptions, who
Were Japanese and Yankee,
  Which, of course, was something new;

And the papers all had stated,
  And declared beyond dispute,
That their time was celebrated,
  And their harmony, to boot.
There were numbers for the Navy,
  With selections from "The Jew,"
The opera by Halévy,
  Mixed with Yankeedoodledoo;
And they'd promised Auber's "Barber
  Of Seville," to show the school
Of a former age, but changed it
  To the "Butcher of Stamboul."
So 'tis easily comprehended
  That the interest was not lax
In the concert they intended
  Giving free of charge or tax;
And the people gathered waited,
  While they tuned and made a din,
Until past the hour stated
  For the Concert to begin;
But the players seemed unable
  To agree upon a leader,
And they made a perfect babel,
  Like a Christian Science "reader;"
Till it grew a nine days' wonder
  How they'd ever earned their fame,
And the audience said, "By thunder,
  Can you tell us why we came?"
The fiddlers all insisted
  They were first violins these days,
And the French horn man persisted
  In the march "Les Marseilles";
While the German 'cellist grumbled
  That he couldn't understand
"Vy he vasn't chosen leader
  Of dis leedle Cherman pand";
And the Spaniard and the Dago

Promptly drew out their stilettoes,
And declared they wouldn't fiddle
For the benefit of Ghettos;
While the other players added
To the consequent confusion,
Till the public saw the Concert
Was a snare and a delusion.
But the thing most worthy mention
Of this evening strange and weird
Was the quiet, polite attention
When the management appeared,
And explained, "You mustn't blame us
That the Concert was a fake,
For the Sick Man's *in extremis,*
And our China's like to break;
But if you'll come to-morrow,
We will play and never fail"—
And the public, to its sorrow,
Still believed the ancient tale.

FLOWER-HEART

A bachelor in Chinese is called a 'flower-heart,' the petals signifying his many love-affairs.

Sweet flower-heart, that blooms for all
Who chance to pass thy way,
And come she when the shadows fall,
Or at the break of day;
For each a petal thou canst spare,
For widow, wife or maid—
Sweet flower-heart, thou flower rare,
The richest of the glade.

Pure flower-heart, whose food is love,
Who know'st no coarser fare,
Who sip'st a draught from Lydia's glove,
A kiss from Amy's hair;

Nor dost thou claim from all the toll
  And fail thy share to pay—
Pure flower-heart, ethereal soul,
  Thou darling of the May.

Poor flower-heart, whose petals fall
  Through life along the way,
Thus one by one until they all
  Have suffered love's decay;
And when at last of petals bare
  Thou liest 'mid the fern,
Poor flower-heart, there's none to care,
  Or weep thy non-return.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY

"The past, with all its fabled forms,
  Has gone for aye," the bards deplore;
"And fauns and nymphs and dragons fierce
  Are never heard of more."

You're wrong, O bards, the fabled ones
  Whose death you weep are still the same;
You do not recognize them, though,
  Because they've changed their name.

The dragon fierce of ancient times
  Now keeps a modern boarding-house;
You'll know her victims at a glance,
  They're timid as a mouse.

She keeps them in her loathsome den,
  And starves them till they're faint and meek;
More cruel than in days of yore,
  She skins them every week.

The furies of the classic times—
  'Eumenides' they once were hight—

To-day are tradesmen who with bills
  Pursue us day and night.

Some claim that dudes are fauns, but I
  Can hardly grant to them this place,
For though their ears are long, they show
  Traits of a different race.

Within the surf the nymphs disport,
  When pretty, on the sand, to boot—
They've learned to like salt water best,
  And wear a bathing-suit.

Their element the tritons, too,
  Have changed—when heard their trump afar,
We know it indicates to-day,
  Death by a motor-car.

The fates are those who hold the strings
  Of money-bags we hope to get,
And cut us off without a cent—
  Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Indeed, 'twere easy, had I space,
  To penetrate the faint disguise
That veils the ancient fabled race
  From modern prying eyes.

Apollo, Circe, Venus, Mars
  Are met with almost every day—
To recognize them at a glance
  I've tried to show the way.

BUTTERFLIES

I've taken my fun where I found it,
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time.
Kipling.

I have hunted the butterfly species,
I've chased them with hat and with net,
And some that I've seen have been beauties,
But most have brought tears and regret;
Oh, one was all rich and golden,
And one was of silver hue,
And one was as white as the snow is at night,
And one was of pink and of blue.

Now, I'm not a good butterfly-catcher,
But this of the species I wot,
That when you are surest you have them,
Why, that is the time that you've not;
There are times when they flutter right toward you,
There are times when they heavenward wend,
And there isn't a rule of the butterly school
On which you can ever depend.

When first I went butterfly-hunting
I tangled myself in my net,
Till I watched how the old ones were doing,
Indeed, I am watching them yet;
And I saw that you mustn't go rushing,
And bang them with all of your might,
For that's not in the play, and they all get away—
Oh, you must be discretely polite.

When I was over in Europe
There I saw butterflies too,
Darting along on a zig-zag—
Very defective their "flew"—

Pretty they were, that is certain,
  Pretty and loving the sun,
But nevertheless I prefer, I confess,
  The brilliant American one.

I have hunted the butterfly species,
  And now I am tired of the game,
For all of wild ones are foolish,
  And all of the tame ones are tame;
By nature of course they're inconstant,
  And their love is the thing of a day—
And so it would seem that the end of the dream
  Is the same as the end of a play.

A SONG OF THE SEA

Sing ho! for a cool, merry dip in the sea,
  When the breakers are full at the crest,
When youth's at the flood and the sap in the tree,
  And hope is at home in the breast!
Sing ho! for a maiden who swims far amain,
  And laughs in her mirth when you've caught her!
Sing ho! for a dip in the sea once again!—
  All girls are alike in the water!

Sing ho! for the madness and gladness of youth!
  Sing ho! for the love of the hour!
Away with your pratings of ethics and truth!—
  We bow but to love and his pow'r.
The song of the billows is sweet to the ear,
  Like the love from a maid you have taught her,
So forth to the sea we will fare without fear—
  All girls are alike in the water!

AN AWFUL THOUGHT

I tremble when I stop to think
  Of all the deaths I might have died,
Including death by sudden drink,
  And other pleasant kinds beside;
The wonder is I'm here at all,
  And not beyond in unknown lands,
For thus, if rightly read, it seems,
  The problem really stands:

Suppose, commencing long ago,
  That one of my ancestors who
Was named, we'll say, Abednego,
  Had never met his wife called Prue;
Or, going even further back,
  Suppose my naked forebear Kree
Had not espied the lovely Shin—
  I'd like to know where I should be.

But, counting out the deaths that might
  Have killed me long before my birth,
There still remains a wondrous sight
  That I've escaped since reaching earth:
I might have yelled myself to death,
  Or nurse have rolled on me in bed,
Or some sweet child, in search of truth,
  Have pressed upon my infant head.

I might have swallowed pins and things,
  Or in my second summer spread,
Disgusted with the heat, my wings
  For watering-places overhead;
I might have tried to swim, or else
  Have killed myself with work at school,
Or shown myself in other ways
  To be a mortuary fool.

With love I might have pined away,
  Or else have won her tender heart,
And then have killed myself some day
  Because we had not kept apart;
I might have caught the "grippe" and tried
  What Christian Science *couldn't* do—
And so, it seems, I might have died
  A thousand ways, and so might you.

A BALLAD OF INCONSTANCY

Lord Butterfly, thou one-day king,
  I pray thee pause a bit—
Give answer to my questioning,
  Why do'st thou ever flit
From flow'r to flow'r on fickle wing—
  One moment, then away—
Is there no bud of all the spring
  So sweet thou fain wouldst stay?

  The day is short, and long my quest,
    The fleeting moments call;
  How can I tell which flow'r is best
    Unless I taste of all?

Laborious Bee, arrest thy flight,
  And share thy lore with me—
Thou surely canst not deem it right,
  Such sad inconstancy?
I've watched thee here and there alight
  And sip without rebuff—
Thou think'st not on the flowers' plight—
  Were not one flow'r enough?

  The treasure-comb which I would fill
    Must last till time completes

The year—I wish no flower ill,
But none holds all the sweets.

Thou Robin Redbreast, cease thy song,
E'en tho' thy mate repine—
And dost thou, too, defend the wrong,
This fickleness of thine?
I've seen thee now three summers long,
At work and love and play—
Do thoughts regretful never throng,
Of mates of yesterday?

My heart is filled with love for all,
The past's a dream, and when
I hear a lover's answ'ring call,
I wake to dream again.

THE NEW ATLANTIS

The poets sing of happy lands
Where Nature smiles throughout the year,
Where Ceres comes with laden hands,
And Bacchus still prolongs his cheer;
The Islands of the Blest are sought
To-day as in the olden time—
But not to them doth turn my thought,
I sing another, happier clime.

I sing a land where everything
Spells harmony and sweet content,
Where all that emperor or king
Could wish, at wish expressed is sent;
Where but a postal card's required
To bring these treasures all to hand—
I sing—Oh Muse, I hope inspired!—
The pleasant Advertising Land.

In Advertising Land the shoes
  All fit the most ungainly feet,
The garters that the natives use
  Cannot drop off upon the street;
The hats and cloaks are dreams of taste,
  The gloves are never known to rip,
The corsets give a perfect waist,
  The hooks and eyes prevent a slip.

The food the happy people eat
  Is lighter than the snowy flake,
Their buckwheat cakes are said to beat
  The kind that Mother used to make;
Their coffee soothes to pleasant dreams,
  Their flour rises of itself,
Their wine, that flows in bounteous streams,
  Has stood two centuries on the shelf.

Of course, there's nothing in this land
  To bring on indigestion's qualms,
Yet still they always keep on hand
  And endless list of pleasant balms;
Indeed, their medicines are such
  The children all pretend they're ill,
They love their castor oil so much
  They simply cannot get their fill.

The pictures of the maidens that
  Inhabit Advertising Land
Show pleasing plumpness, never fat—
  For anti-fat they keep on hand;
Their charms are sung by scribe and bard,
  They join economy with style—
I think I'll mail a postal card,
  "Please send me one of them on trial."

THE FATAL BRIDGE

I am a civil engineer,
  And many a bridge I've built
And proved the skill of other men,
  Nor ever yet been spilt,
Suspension bridges hold, I find,
  And cantelevers, too—
But, oh, there is one kind of bridge
  I'd shun if I were you.

The name you'll hardly find in works
  On engineering skill,
And even at the Polytec.
  You'll learn about it—*nil;*
But if you're at a country house
  Sometime that's very swell,
Some evening you may get a chance
  To cross this bridge to—well!

The smiling hostess will propose
  A little game, you know,
Oh, just to while away the time,
  Which moves along so slow;
And you'll be asked to take a hand
  At whist—you play it well—
And then you'll learn the quickest way
  To cross this bridge to—well!

It's very simple, just as plain
  As anything can be,
One hand upon the board they lay
  For every one to see;
And you, of course, are charmed to please
  Your hostess, Mrs. Bell—
And that's the way a fellow learns
  To cross this bridge to—well!

THE FOURTHS OF OTHER YEARS

Ah, Tom, have you forgot the days
  When you and I were tackers,
The merry times at Valentine,
  The Fourth with bombs and crackers?
I've not been back before, my lad,
  Now forty years and more,
But recollections crowd the place,
  Like sand upon the shore.

'Twas here upon this spot Jim tried—
  It seems but yesterday—
To hold a cracker in his teeth—
  Jim long has passed away—
And yonder by the willow-tree
  Poor foolish Willie Shannon
Insisted he could catch the ball
  You shot from out our canon.

Here, where the grass is rank and tall,
  Once stood the barn, you know,
They've not rebuilt it since it burned
  Near fifty years ago;
You recollect how high the flames
  Leapt up to meet the sky—
I'll not forget the whipping, though,
  We got until I die.

This is the spot where Harry Hall
  Across the road was blown,
And yonder by the gate is where
  We frightened Uncle's roan
So badly that he ran away,
  And finally dropped down dead—
They picked up poor old Uncle where
  He'd landed on his head.

Ah yes, dear Tom, we're growing old,
  The years are fleeting fast,
But still my heart grows young again
  When I recall the past;
When I recall the happy days,
  The friends we sent before—
We'll celebrate the Fourth with them
  Soon on the other shore.

THE THREE DOCTORS

(A Study in New York reformers.)

There were three doctors called to treat
  A camel that was sick,
And as it was an urgent case,
  The message read, "Come quick!"
Now, each in turn declared when he
  The patient had espied,
" 'Twas well you sent for me, or else
  He certainly had died."

The first one diagnosed the case
  As that of violent grumps;
The second differed, for he said
  'Twas nothing short of dumps;
But lo, the last in anger cried,
  "You prove that you are frumps!
The trouble is this camel has
  A bad attack of humps!"

Each having thus declared his views
  Based solely on his dictum,
All three began to prove their case
  By reference to the victim;
"His feet are split," cried Dr. Brown,
  "Of grumps a certain proof,

You've let this camel drink too much,
  And hence his cloven hoof."

"Tush, tush!" said Dr. Fowne, "you're wrong,
  The camel's neck observe,
'Twas made for drinking purposes,
  Just see that syphon-curve;
But, oh, the swelling of the knees
  Doth prove he has the dumps—"
Then Dr. Gown said, "I would call
  Attention to his humps."

And so these Galens talked until
  They passed from words to blows,
And Dr. Brown hit Dr. Fowne
  Directly on the nose;
While Dr. Gown strove hard to prove
  He'd right upon his side—
But, oh, while they were fighting thus
  The patient patient died.

"He died of grumps" said Dr. Brown,
  "He died of dumps," said Fowne;
"My friends, you are mistaken,
  It was humps," corrected Gown.
And so insisting he was right,
  Each sent his bill that day,
And swore the beast would not have died
  Had *he* but had his way.

THE CELTIC REVIVAL

"There has been a great revival in Ireland along all lines of activity."—Newspaper item.

Oh, sweet to me ears is the news that Oi've had
  In letters and papers from Cork,
The place whin Oi lift it was nearly as bad
  As Boston, or even New York;
But now, Oi am told, it's reformed and reclaimed,
  And ivery one's gettin' religion,
It's proud that Oi am, and no longer ashamed,
  It's proud as a big pouter pigeon.
Oi see them, the boys and the girls that Oi knew,
  A-walkin' to church of a Sunday,
Confessin' their sins, as a Christian must do
  Before he starts out for the Monday;
Oi see them, the boys that Oi licked whin a lad,
  The girls that Oi kissed in the square,
A-singin' and shoutin' as though they were mad,
A-stampin' and sighin' and weepin', by Gad,
  And gettin' religion for fair—
  Oh, they've got a revival in Ireland.

Oi mind me before Oi come over the sea,
  Tim Brady, Pat Boon and Mike Bailey
Were always disputin' as laders with me—
  They were great with the lovely shillaly!—
Oi mind me the friendly, foine bouts that we had,
  The heads that we cracked, Oh! so nately,
The wakes and the weddin's and dancin's, me lad,
  The girls who could smile, Oh! so swately;
Oi mind me the larks and the sparkin's at night,
  The songs and the jokin' and laughter,
The joy whin it come to a good Irish fight,
  And the foine reminiscin' thereafter;
Oi mind me all this whin Oi think of the days

Ere iver Oi come to New York—
And thin it's meself that is not givin' praise
For all of the change that's come over the ways
Of me friends far away in old Cork—
Oh, damn the revival in Ireland!

AFTER SCHOOL

(A Post-Lenten Meditation)

Again the gong for play has rung,
Again vacation's here,
With merry shout the school lets out,
'Tis over for the year;
No time at all is lost, the games
Are taken up, you know,
Where they were dropped when play was stopped
Some forty days ago.

Yon group has started "fox and geese"—
The silly geese they seem
To hesitate and tempt their fate,
Yet when they're caught they scream;
Indeed, 'tis no unusual thing,
As in the world of barter,
That when a fox has caught a goose
He finds he's caught a Tartar.

Already here and there is spread
A luncheon full in sight,
By rivals who have asked a few
Dear friends to have a "bite";
But *entre nous,* I much suspect
They sent the invitations
While still in school and broke the rule —
Omitting poor relations.

Oh yes, the sport is fine, but those
  Who play must pay the deuce,
For they, you see, are forced to be
  A fox or else a goose;
I'd much prefer to stay in school
  And rest a while in peace;
But did I so I'd lose, I know,
  My place at "fox and geese."

IN DEUTSCHLAND

"In Germany it is necessary to have a certificate, or *Schein,* for every act in life, even for dying."—Newspaper item.

In Deutschland on your natal day
  Day fills you out a *Schein,*
Dat says you're called now such a way,
  Your Mudder's name vas *Bein*—
"Now don't you get dis lost or torn,"
  Dee Polizei says denn,
"For if you do, you ain't been born
At all, and can't get spanked or sworn
  Till you get borned again."

In Deutschland ven you go to school
  Day fills you out a *Schein,*
Dat testifies you aint no fool,
  Und aint no idiot—*nein*—
"Now, don't you get dis lost, mine lad,"
  Dee Polizei says denn,
"For if you do, you'll find it pad,
Und vont know nuddings till, by Gad,
  You go to school again."

In Deutschland ven you takes a vife,
  Day fills you out a *Schein,*
Und likevise ven you takes your life,
  Or me, if I takes mine—
"Now, don't lose dis und lose your head,"
  Dee Polizei says denn,
"For if you do, you don't be dead
Till you have paid a fine instead,
  Und gone got dead again."

CONSISTENCY

There once was a Rocky young Feller
Who had lots of rocks colored yeller;
    So he sang Rock of Ages,
    And lowered the wages
Of all who burned *gas* in their cellar.

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